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Mary E. Williams



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ST. LAWRENCE SYMPHONY

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P. R. MACMILLAN, 24 STATION ROAD, CAMBRIDGE

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# ST LAWRENCE SYMPHONY

BY

Mary E. Williams

AN INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATION

P. R. MACMILLAN CAMBRIDGE

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## ST. LAWRENCE SYMPHONY

Born of the Mighty Lakes,  
With joy your spirit wakes;  
In virgin youth you rise,  
A mirror for the skies.

Loitering mid the Thousand Isles,  
Pastoral beauty on you smiles;  
Roses, clover, new-mown hay  
Perfume many a summer day.

Winter comes and all is dark  
In your channel bed; and stark,  
Steely ice forms prison bands  
Till the sun gives new commands.

Love and life and laughter thrive  
On banks where man and nature strive  
That there shall never be a dearth  
Of sustenance about the hearth.

In the arms of earth and air,  
To the sun you offer prayer;  
And though today he borrow,  
He will repay tomorrow.

River of toil and sighs and dreams!  
River of songs and prayers and gleams!  
Proudly two nations call you 'Mine',  
Firmly two ancient peoples twine —  
The Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul  
That many glad years you've held in thrall —  
Building a state, progressive, magnificent  
Like to your broad swelling flow, beneficent  
Even as your fruitful benignant valley

Where the forces of nature rally  
 To aid your children. No longer they wrestle  
 With virgin forests, but cottages nestle  
 Beneath sheltering trees, near lucious fields  
 Where fertile soil an abundance yields,  
 By day the buildings a friendly white gleam.  
 By night the windows like beckoning stars beam,  
 Speeding vessels weighted with your renown  
 On many errands, up and down.

From your depths tree-clad islands at random rise  
 To greet the traveller's glad surprise.  
 High on the bridge at times he may gaze  
 On the far distant blue or purple haze  
 Over low mountain ranges against the horizon.  
 The morning sun's rays the Appalachians bedizen  
 On golden rose dawns, but the Laurentians are left  
 By a blaze of glory and splendour, bereft.

Bend after bend discloses to view  
 Streams greater and smaller, hurrying to you.  
 Far beyond the skyline's changing mist  
 From brimming lakes or mountains cloudkist,  
 Mid grace or grandeur they have found their source  
 And ever since have furrowed a course.

Many lined-villages dot your banks.  
 Majestically in each there rises from the ranks  
 A building of excellence, a sanctuary, a church  
 Where the toiler may worship, assiduously search  
 The heart and confess. Bells in the steeple  
 Joyfully chime a call to all people.  
 Tall spires piercing the ever-changing sky  
 Give hint of brighter worlds that lie  
 Beyond Man's ken. Again and again  
 The crucifix appears, as if to ingrain  
 The suffering of the Christ deeply on the heart  
 And with it the thought of the inevitable part  
 That each must share in bearing the cross  
 In life, which alone gives gain or loss.

On the choicest spots on your arduous quest,  
 Often where tributaries flow to your breast,  
 Cities and towns of character have grown.  
 Two of the many stand out in renown.  
 Montreal, Mount Royal, has a regal crown  
 Of three peaks that shine complacently down,  
 Radiating with the season, from summer's emerald green,  
 The opal of autumn, winter's crystal sheen,  
 To the purple quartz of the amethyst, in spring.  
 Here many races mingle, and three creeds cling  
 To their ancient tenets, a triangle which, perhaps,  
 When the years will have spun a longer lapse,  
 Will have lost the angles of dissention, and naught  
 But a circle of love remain. They are brought  
 In company now by the subtle golden bands  
 Of commerce and trade, and the insistent demands  
 Of a common need, great and small alike.

Thus while politics, race and dogma may strike  
 A discordant note, commerce rules supreme.  
 Many business channels of a continent stream  
 Through this island city of the open door  
 With its harbour a thousand miles or more  
 From the sea, where men look upward and imbue  
 Their toil with vision, and where dreams come true.

Near to Mount Royal other great wooded mounds  
 Appear at intervals upon your low level grounds,  
 Extinct volcanoes of an aeon ago  
 Which now with a quiet beauty glow.

Lower down the Sentinelle with the keys of the gate  
 Between the upper and lower rivers, rests in state.  
 Built high upon a cliff and low at its feet  
 She waits in her watch-tower all voyagers to greet.  
 Grandly Quebec, of light, beauty, grace,  
 And an old-world charm, still holds her ancient place.  
 Uniquely poised, she beams like a star  
 In the Zenith, effulgently, graciously afar  
 To all the horizon. What an epical story

Of her hardship, adventure, love and glory  
 In old and new days, you might intimately tell,  
 If you would, to the rhythmic music of your swell.

All days you have been your people's inspiration,  
 You have filled them with courage, faith and aspiration.  
 With bridges of strength and beauty they have spanned  
 Your banks. They have drawn from your waters and manned  
 Great factories and mills with power that has started  
 Vast wheels of industry. From the Gulf they have charted  
 Your channel with buoys. To ease the way  
 In the shoals and rapids where waters play  
 A swirling, foaming, uproarious game  
 With boulders and many-edged rocks that might maim  
 Or destroy any craft passing through, they have built  
 Great canals. With dredges they fight gathering silt  
 From the current and tide. In their pride and might  
 To the moon and stars they have added light.  
 They have formed a lane of beacons to the sea  
 For hundreds of miles that boats may be free  
 From harm — in the safety that light always makes —  
 As they swiftly pass to and from the Great Lakes.

If sometimes your people in might and conceit  
 Underrate your greatness, and in arrogance complete  
 Forget even the power of the Greatest Architect  
 Till a poignancy in life gives them cause to reflect,  
 They're not wholly to blame, for uncertain they stand,  
 The great unknowing quantity, how puny, how grand!  
 Struggling towards a complete affinity  
 Between nature and God — a wondrous trinity —  
 God, the Omniscient Builder and Life-Giver,  
 Earth-apprenticed man, obedient great river.

One day misty eyes discover  
 A gently insistent lover;  
 And imperceptibly  
 You're wedded to the sea.



Mighty, regal, Northern river  
 Sweeping onward all a-quiver,  
 Still you break and build and bear,  
 Your store of knowledge you never share.

Though you're old your strength is new,  
 Man is impotent with you,  
 Jealous, ruthless, you point the way  
 And woe to him who goes astray.

Would your people linger often  
 By your banks, their hearts would soften  
 To your charm, and soothed at length  
 Gather courage from your strength.

The tide ebbs in and out  
 In an ever-ceaseless bout;  
 The surface may seethe or loll,  
 But on, the mid-waters roll.

Do you sometimes think of a bygone day  
 When upon your banks in bright array  
 Stalwart red men loitered, or in swift canoe  
 Skimmed lightly your waters to war, to woo  
 Or on business bent? Did they rise to a stature  
 Worthy your might? Did the lure of nature  
 Enchant the mind? Were they happy in crafts  
 And story and song? Did they drink deep draughts  
 Of sorrow and joy? Did the still small voice  
 Whisper then as now? Did they make a stern choice  
 Of virtue, or maybe lapse into vice?  
 Or was good or ill but a throw of the dice?  
 Did the Father of All speak through winds and waves  
 And the vaulted heavens? Where the water laves  
 Your banks and those of your lesser streams  
 Did they ponder the mystery of life? In dreams  
 Do you see them again, noble and grand,  
 A part of yourself, in magnificence stand?

Come, pitch-dark night, leaden day  
 When fog and mist hold sway;  
 The shrouded vessels vie  
 With the grey gull's lonely cry.

Faraway mountains and hills draw near  
 In your widening lower stretches, and rear  
 Their lofty brows of green above  
 Full many a cradled bay or cove  
 Or storm-swept cliff. The maple, birch, ash  
 And poplar like glamorous opals flash  
 From the purples and greens of early spring  
 To the gorgeous colours that autumn can bring —  
 Unnameable tones by nature bred  
 From green, yellow, orange, brown and red —  
 Set midst the sombre tamarack, pine,  
 Spruce, fir and cedar. The sumachs shine  
 In crimson and rose, where they sturdily wedge  
 Between golden-brown alders near the edge  
 Of your sparkling water. Your banks, the essence  
 Of beauty in Spring, in Autumn's iridescence  
 Under the splendour of sunsets a-flame  
 With copper and gold, Divine Glory proclaim.  
 Man can only adore, and the heart nigh breaks  
 With the tragedy of this and all joy, that it takes  
 Its far flight so soon, and only memory stays  
 The sore distressed heart. But nights of such days  
 Are not black. Oft-times enchanting sights  
 Appear in the sky — the Northern Lights —  
 Entertaining in a weird fantastic dance  
 Of coloured lights and shadows. They prance  
 And stalk with elastic mystical gleams  
 Which at times will cover the sky with streams  
 Of light. Evanescent and fugitive, their ways  
 Are unpredictable. The moon adds luminous rays  
 And twinkling stars keep watch while ships  
 Pass by, till returning day lightly tips  
 The shadowy mountains with amber and rose.  
 At this early hour the fisherman goes

To see what the tide has brought to his weir.  
 Perhaps silver-blue herring and mackerel appear  
 Guilelessly swimming about in the maze,  
 Till with lowering tide and all in a daze,  
 They attempt to return to their deep-water haunts  
 But are forced to remain to supply men's wants.

Often dazzling rays will shimmer and dance  
 Across your waters to the fisherman's glance.  
 Far out the white-bellied porpoises play,  
 And nearer the cormorants dive for their prey.  
 Everywhere new-born radiance glows.  
 Here and there a silver waterfall flows  
 From turbulent mountain streams, and breaks —  
 As its way it boldly, boisterously makes —  
 At the foot of the cliff into crystal spray,  
 Then hurriedly runs the last lap of the way.

Maybe morning comes in a dull grey mood.  
 If so, it is only an interlude  
 In a minor key, in the year's marching song  
 Sometimes weakly wan, then triumphantly strong.  
 He who knows well and loves the dawn,  
 Truly knows faith, and never will fawn  
 Or cringe to life, be it good or ill,  
 For he knows what is may be patterned with skill.

Oh, river of changing surface and skies,  
 Each hour your lights and shadows surprise  
 The watcher, till winter seizes you fast  
 And changes your charm to a whiteness vast  
 With trimmings of silver, crystal and blue:  
 In the frost and snow you seem born anew.  
 Bright dancing stars in midnight-blue twinkling,  
 And the shining sickle, or the full moon wrinkling  
 Its face in the pulsing, dazzling shimmer  
 Of crystal radiance, grow paler and dimmer.  
 At times the carnival is all their own,  
 For you're hidden deep under ice, alone,  
 And there's no human soul to be entranced.

By day the glory of the sun is enhanced,  
 The evergreens are covered with a myriad of gems,  
 And bare silhouettes blaze from stalks to stems.  
 In the flanking deep woods, often axes swing  
 And like a percussion orchestra ring  
 To the echoing voices of laughter and song  
 As the woodsmen chop through the winter long.

But alas! Your winter has yet another mood  
 Pitilessly cruel, bitter and rude  
 To the improvident and helpless. The winds and snows  
 Drive terror to one who cannot parry their blows.  
 Penetrating east winds shriek and swirl,  
 Blinding snows swiftly eddy and whirl,  
 The driving sleet is so stinging and chill  
 That even the wolf's hungry howl is still.  
 Then may follow a silence searching, inscrutable,  
 Deep as death but not immutable.  
 In the calm of lone woods or snowy wastes,  
 The spirit, of awe and reverence, tastes.

There comes a day when your people weary  
 Of the frost, and find winter dull and dreary.  
 They yearn for spring and the passing of the ice.  
 Sun, wind, tide and current entice  
 It away to the sea. A live thing, it seems,  
 Hurrying home. Eddying it teems,  
 A rough ivory flow that no power can halt.  
 The floes turn summersaults, slide, hurtle, vault  
 And mass. Soon a splashing and crashing tremendous  
 Frees them — oft a spectacle awesome stupendous.  
 Then the world looking into your open face  
 Seems suddenly a happier, worthier place.

Too soon you pass to the lowest reaches  
 Where the lights are few on the lonely beaches,  
 And the fisherman, trawling far out in midstream  
 As if on the ocean, may not catch a gleam  
 Of either shore. So slight and elusive  
 The human element, it is never obtrusive

Twixt the soul and the o'erwhelming immensity.  
Your powerful waters break with intensity  
On age-old cliffs, then seethe and moan.  
The dignity and grandeur of the scene atone  
For the cold isolation. Still throbs the tide  
In rhythm as in earliest days. Here abide  
The surety and constancy of the Infinite. Each star  
Still sings as it sang in that morning afar.  
In the dawn of the world. The soul would pierce  
Beyond the illimitable blue, in its fierce  
And resolute search for God, day and night,  
That some time it may bask in the Ultimate Light.

From the limiting confines of rugged shores  
To the vast moving sea, your free spirit pours.

Out of the deeps you flow,  
Into the deeps you go,  
Oh, lone majestic soul  
Pulsating with a mighty whole.

## MONTREAL

## THE CROSS ON MOUNT ROYAL

Above a throbbing city,  
A cross a vigil keeps;  
Whether tinted by rosy dawn-beams,  
Or burnished by setting sun,  
Whether sparkling in darkest midnight,  
Or shimmering through the mists,  
It beckons the way-faring thousands  
And bids them 'Look up! Look up!'

Symbol of pain and death  
It stands aglow on the height,  
While down below in the city,  
Urged by divine unrest,  
Men grope for love and life;  
Then finding these, there looms  
A cross, and on the cross  
A shadow grows, which naught  
But sacrifice, the pure  
White heat of love, can clear:  
For sacrifice, self's death  
Brings ultimate full life —  
Eternal paradox.

## GREY DAYS

Beautiful grey days  
When the white fleecy snow,  
Like down from angel-wings,  
Softly and reluctantly,  
Comes fluttering to earth,  
Resting tired eyes  
From the sharp fitful shafts  
Or the too long glare,  
Bringing calm and peace  
To soothe jaded souls!  
Like a benediction  
Come beautiful grey days.

## OTTER LAKE

Winging night hawks  
Glide, swoop and flutter  
In the dying light.  
The ancient wooded peaks  
Put on a filmy cloak  
Of blue-gray mist  
Which envelopes all the visible  
Within its encompassing folds.  
White birches  
Look over each other's shoulders  
At the deep moving shadows  
Below.  
A lone deer picks its steps  
Down the mountain path,  
Amid mossy boulders,  
To drink at the water's edge.

The last light  
From beyond a break  
In a great grey mound  
Of rose-amber-tipped clouds  
Burnishes a wavering path  
Across the lake.  
Little errant leaves  
Sail about like fairy barques,  
With cargoes of thistledown.  
Boats float on a moulted mirror  
Of livid jet.  
The first silver stars of evening  
Twinkle in the depths,  
And the pale gold moon  
Preens coquettishly  
Where  
Two hundred feet below  
Speckled trout play.  
The lake seems to cram  
All the reflective



Of earth and sky  
Into its breast  
In a last goodnight embrace.

A loo-dee, a loo-dee, stop

## NOVEMBER    SUNSETS

The essence of the beauty  
Of November days  
In the diverse land  
Of the Laurentides,  
Is found in the glow  
Of the southing sun,  
A blinding gold ball,  
As it dazzles on the rim  
Of the bluish grey mist  
That veils the horizon.

When bright yellow plays  
On the deep azure blue,  
There sometimes appears  
A rare emerald sea  
In the far-off beyond.  
Soon the glory of orange  
Sets the scene ablaze,  
Till crimson catches  
The magical brush  
And rouges the clouds.

Then comes a transcendent  
Moment of grace,  
When unique colour-blendings  
Flood the sky:  
It seems as if God  
Bids His servant, the sun,  
Paint a beautiful, cheering  
Message of hope,  
To warm weary hearts  
At the year's eventide.

## TREES AT REST

There's a time, from the falling  
Of the autumn leaves  
Till the flutter of the first  
Fluffy flakes of fleecy snow  
When the world, for the trees  
So bereft, sadly grieves.  
On the ground withered leaves  
Weirdly rustle and blow.

Very few of the beauties  
Of Autumn remain —  
Scattered relics, white balls  
On the waxberry hedge,  
Crimson clusters the hawthorn  
And dogwood retain,  
Rushes standing erect  
Amidst dull-golden sedge,

Varied seed-sacks, sumach spikes,  
Ruddy fruit where the rose  
Lately bloomed, scarlet berries  
Adorning the rowan,  
Orange splashes revealing  
Where bitter-sweet grows,  
And stray nests whence winged tenants  
Have far away flown.

When the chill winter comes,  
Often frost-sprites encrust  
The silhouetted trees  
With a crystal display;  
Or a downy white powder  
They lavishly dust  
On the boughs, though sardonic  
Winds blow it away.

Then the sun peering through  
A thick lattice of limbs  
May reveal wax-like blobs  
Cradled close to the stems  
By hundreds and thousands;  
A new beauty trims  
The shorn trees with bronzen  
Or reddish-brown gems.

Winter trees need no pity  
Though leafless and stark;  
In peace they repose  
When it's chilly and cold  
For their trunks are well-wrapped  
In grey blankets of bark,  
And snug weather-proof jackets  
The budlets enfold

Mother Nature with promise  
Seals tightly each tree  
And all they need do  
Is slumber and wait  
Till the sun in the spring  
Bids the sap set them free  
And soon they're again  
With beauty a-freight.

## THE LAST SNOW

Softly, mysteriously,  
In the quiet night  
Like the Holy Spirit,  
Covering all  
The unseemly and crude  
With purity and loveliness,  
Comes the last snow of winter.

Diffusing in the radiance  
Of the morning sun  
Goes the last snow of winter,  
Permeating everywhere,  
Refreshing deep roots,  
Cleansing all dross  
Like the Holy Spirit.

## DOMINION DAY, 1939

O Canada, arise,  
Take off on fresh new wings  
And soar to the mountain tops of truth;  
Too long with downcast eyes  
In the stress of world events  
You have lost the clear-cut vision of your youth.

Cast off indifference,  
Inertia and suspense,  
And know again Confederation's pride;  
That from the grilling fires  
Of the crucible of time  
On shining wings your spirit, high may ride.

## ARMISTICE DAY, 1939

'Lament, no more!  
The hour had struck;  
We kept our tryst  
With destiny.

Again, today,  
With gallant hearts  
Youths, sallying forth  
Scarce knowing why,

At duty's lead  
And honour's call,  
As squarely face  
Their destiny.'

## SERVICE

I have so many servants —  
Wealthy am I,  
From bygone days  
And far-off lands  
They dig and dip  
And bring me riches —  
Wisdom of priests and prophets,  
Knowledge of science,  
Invention and the arts.  
And today,  
All East and West,  
Both Tropics and the Arctic zone,  
Combine to serve me,  
With their choicest gifts.  
From dawn to dawn  
They bring with cheer  
My sustenance.  
Were I alone,  
No helpless infant  
In a worse estate  
Than that, would be.

'Tis mine to greet each servant  
With a comrade's sign,  
To pass things on to others  
When my turn has come.  
Nothing is mine to keep  
But for a fleeting moment,  
I live to give,  
It is inevitable,  
But what and how I give  
Are somewhat mine to choose.  
I cannot pass another by,  
But virtue or ill,  
Exceeding small or great,  
Does pass between.  
I, too, must serve,



So let me ever keep  
'God bless you'  
Written clear upon my forehead,  
Thus to cheer  
Another server  
As he passes on his way.

## TO THE MADONNA

Dear Mother of God's children on  
the Earth,  
The quiet beauty of your eyes  
Does call and hold us, whether near  
or far,  
To duty's way and worthy tasks.

One shapely hand within the  
Father's clasped,  
The other reaching out to man,  
You feel at once the pulse of  
Heaven and Earth.  
Kind, loving, understanding one!

Leading Earth's children through  
a maze of doubt,  
Perplexity and wrong, healing  
Deep wounds, drying hot tears,  
banishing fears,  
You point them to a sunlit path.

You have a patience, like to God's,  
to tend  
And wait until the smouldering  
embers  
Gather close, and, bursting into  
flame,  
A white-winged soul speeds on its  
way.

Weighing all things to find their  
honest worth,  
Never self-seeking, and yet wise  
In choosing what to give and what  
withhold,  
You give, if there be need, your all.

Amid the noise of seeming fallen  
Heaven  
And Earth, serene you ride the  
clouds,  
Unscathed pass through the fires,  
knowing nor time  
Nor elements can you, destroy.

With keen delight in God's great  
works and deeds  
You keep the child-heart through  
the years.  
Your joy with others' joy entwined,  
exhultant,  
Humble, happy just to live.

## SONS OF ONE FATHER

Poor Humanity, tossed and torn,  
Poor Humanity, weary and worn!  
Return from your restless, wandering quest,  
There is no deeper wisdom in east or west  
Than that of the Golden Rule.

Up the years the message rings true:  
'Whatsoever ye would that men do to you  
Do ye also to them likewise,' but self  
With struggle and strife and greed of pelf  
Has flouted the Golden Rule.

Mind ye not ye are brothers? Ye children of Earth,  
Sons of one Father? Give the new day birth,  
The day of love, when the strong for the weak,  
And the weak with the strong, shall earnestly seek  
To practise the Golden Rule.

## NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY FOUR

You came well heralded, and camouflaged,  
 Appearing guileless as a new born babe.  
 Humanity, with eager questing eyes  
 And out-stretched, welcoming hands, hailed your approach.  
 You called 'come play a game with me, a game  
 Of draughts, I'll move, you'll move, again, again,  
 Upon the table of the great unknown.'

Then came mankind's deep elemental forces,  
 Fed by thought-impulse from each human atom,  
 Omnipotent in that each can create  
 Both good and ill, and that, although they live  
 And have their being in Him, unless each wills,  
 The Great Producer plans the good in vain.

There came the Joy of Living, Faith in God  
 And Nature, Love of Men, and Light of Knowledge,  
 And on their heels, ugly and clamorous  
 There followed Greed and Lust and Fear and Hate  
 And Ignorance. Because the Evil is  
 Less potent than the Good, it cried the louder.

Dark waters roared and broke on jagged rocks;  
 Black shadows stalked beneath a far-off torch;  
 Deep thunders rolled as lightning cut the gloom;  
 And earth's foundations seemed to shake, while clanging,  
 Tolling, tuneless bells kept up their din.

Year of uncertainty! when tragedy  
 Walked stealthily on earth and air and water;  
 When massacre, perpetuated in the morn  
 Upon the innocent, by a misused toy  
 Of speed and steel, by nightfall was forgotten;  
 When the sorrow of downtrodden men and women,  
 Victims caught in a world, soul-shrivelling  
 And mercenary, cried aloud, 'How Long?'  
 When the rays of the setting sun never passed below

Men's quarrels; when sore unrest, the labour-pains  
 Of growth, seethed in all nations of the earth;  
 When the hungry vultures of the battle field  
 Circled around searching for their prey;  
 And when the world demanded 'Shall nations have  
 Less Honour than a man? And how much less  
 Of them, than of the individual  
 Does decency demand? Dare potentates  
 Of steel and their associates, playing  
 A bloody game with rights of men, once more  
 Of Europe make a charnel house? Or shall  
 The lightning multiplex power of Human Thought  
 Make impotent the subtlest, deadliest weapon?'

Oh Year of Dawning Hope! when History  
 With precious dower of ripe experience, wedded  
 The Light in Modern Thought; when beacon fires,  
 Whose leaping tongues caught each other, circled  
 The globe and patrolled north and south, flooding  
 The earth with knowledge; when press and radio  
 And cinema and waking commerce made  
 The peoples one; when intent listeners sensed  
 The pulse of a strongly stirring world-conscience;  
 And when the oft maligned and belittled  
 League of Nations, throttled but surviving  
 Prototype of a world parliament,  
 Visioned the day when a flashlight's glint shall be  
 An all-sufficient punishment for wrong,  
 And sanity, the perfect pulsing rhythm of mankind  
 Shall be the guiding law.

Robbed of your mystery and dazzling glamour,  
 We saw you go — revealed, old, quizzical,  
 And wise — clutching your gleanings in your hands.  
 We, palpitating human atoms, were  
 The fledglings. You gave us what was wrested from you.  
 But we lived life, and it seemed good to many.

## MISCELLANEOUS

## MARRIAGE . ODE

From out the rosy morning mist, there came  
 A youth and maiden, hand in hand, — both, lithe  
 And free — he, serious and grave — she, blithe  
 And gay — each face aglow with love's bright flame.

Then as his head of glossy black he bent  
 Towards her burnished nut-brown locks, said he  
 Though in the world alone they twain might be.  
 Each would suffice. To this she gave assent.

- They, kneeling, built an altar — there to wed —  
 From rare and precious jewels of the mind,  
 And plighted all to each, two souls to bind.  
 They chose, first, understanding from their store  
 To form the threshold of a temple door,  
 With love and honour arching overhead.

Prime workers and co-architects, they wrought  
 With zeal and zest, through golden summer days  
 Achieving symmetry and strength always.  
 No task, however difficult, seemed aught.

As time sped by, there fluttered to the hearth  
 Dear, tiny, winsome souls, its warmth to share;  
 They brought the builders, in exchange for care,  
 Rich offerings — great love, a faith immense,  
 Undreamed resource, a boundless confidence,  
 The joy of sacrifice, a sense of worth.

The guardian angels at the door, kept out  
 The false and coarse; a sanctuary bright,  
 Called Home, the temple housed; from which the light  
 Of humour ousted cynicism and doubt.

Though blasts of evil smote upon the wall,  
Though floods and darkness closed out every gleam,  
Though world-strain tugged at rafter, bar and beam,  
Though ravages of time persistently  
Attacked, — the structure stood pre-eminently.  
Built of the spirit's wealth, naught could befall.

One sunset hour, the two prime builders wist  
The temple was complete — unique, supreme —  
Love, honour, understanding being its theme.  
Hands caught, they passed into the golden mist.



## THERE LIVED A MAN

There lived a man.  
Because he had strong faith,  
High courage, joy in service,  
And a sense of vision, —  
Having known the privelege of pain  
And handicap and sorrow,  
And so drawn close to the Eternal, —  
And because the people  
Had great confidence in him,  
And had sore need of help,  
They called on him to lead them  
In a darkening hour,  
When fear shook all the nations  
In an apprehensive world.

Then valiantly he helmed  
The ship of state —  
Humanity, his ensign —  
And manned it well  
With doughty deputies.  
Slowly they veered the ship to rights,  
Where once it badly listed;  
No longer panic swept the decks;  
Slowly courage rose again  
And with it confidence.

He loved his country  
But he loved his people more,  
And recognized the spark of honor,  
Howe'er dim, deep in each soul,  
And would that every man keep stride  
With progress and with freedom.  
The enemies of his cause  
Scornfully called him visionary,  
And hurled abusive epithets  
At his attempts and actions.  
But still he served;  
And, imperturbable.

Awaited once again  
The mandate of the people.  
They, like fleet-footed racers  
With bit between the teeth,  
Heeded not, this nor that injunction,  
But choose their goal and leader.  
They crowned him with the prize —  
Renewed appreciation,  
Trust and confidence —  
He who had dared to think and act  
In troublous and despairing times.  
The man still lives.  
God bless and keep the President!

(F. D. R. 1932)

## THE EAGLE

## U. S. A. AT WAR

The eagle soars aloft,  
watching the restless moil  
in his mobile eyrie.

Forgotten, the rocky crags;  
far over the earth and sea,  
he constantly wings.

In the quiet of lone perspective,  
seeing or sensing all,  
he leads the way home.

Alert to danger, and strong,  
keen to the spirit's hazard,  
he guards his people.

## MY REPERTORY

For you have I toiled.  
That do I remember,  
Nor can I e'er forget  
Those moments oft of joy  
And sometimes ecstasy  
Through which we passed.  
To you, the soul of all ages  
Has contributed a part.  
The joy and sorrow  
Weal and woe  
Of many human races;  
The forces of nature  
Mighty and minute,  
Terrific and appeasing;  
The giant intellects  
Of centuries  
Tempered by all the gamut  
Of human emotions,  
Swung by the rhythm  
Of the universe, and tuned  
To Infinite Omnipotence —  
These have formed the channel  
By which you've come to me.  
Oh princely heritage!  
You are mine own  
Claimed and retained  
By brain and brawn and blood.  
Companions, hand in hand,  
We go through life  
Into eternity.

## SECURITY

In this mobile and changeable world  
Why does one look for security,  
Yearning to grasp something tangible  
Through long, golden years of futurity?

What does the eagle care  
Nesting o'er steep rocky ledges,  
For all the stark dangers surrounding  
As mid tempest his brood he fledges?

Is it, that binding the mobile  
Are the bands of immutable law,  
And the core of each fluttering mortal  
Is the changeless, the ageless — sans flaw?

## NEUTRALITY

When the hurricane sweeps devastation,  
And all obstacles slivers to shreds;  
When the avalanche smothers its victims,  
And hides them in low icy beds;  
When from deep in the hell of its fury  
The volcano unleashes its wrath;  
When the flood with resistless momentum.  
To doom carries all in its path;  
When within the fast toils of destruction  
And death, the helpless are caught;  
Then the flickering will-o'-the-wisp  
Of neutrality sputters to naught.

## THOUGHT - WAVES

Will man ever fathom the ocean  
Of mystical thought, as it lashes  
And seethes and recedes with crashes  
Tumultuous, and benignant flashes  
Released by humanity.

Sometimes freedom of speech seems only  
A shadow, and democracy naught  
But a dream; yet freedom of thought  
Lives, ne'er to be taken or bought,  
Under each man's sovereignty.

Far greater than pen and sword  
Is mobilized human thought.  
The current of hate dies out,  
And ill-forces are put to rout,  
Meeting thought-waves in unity.

## WHO DID SIN?

Who did sin,  
This man or his father?  
Perhaps neither,  
At least, not beyond redemption.  
But this poor soul,  
Caught in the net  
Of the Sins of Society,  
Struggling blindly  
In degradation, shame and remorse,  
Sees no hope of release.  
What chance did he ever have?  
Society stands,  
Strata upon strata —  
The more cunning, knowledgeable and powerful,  
The heedless, indifferent, unwitting,  
Each building  
Subtly devastating conditions —  
Society stands,  
Unaware of its tremendous power  
To wreck and mutilate  
Till another Tower of Babel falls,  
And again Humanity flounders  
In darkness, confusion and fright.



## YOUTH IS ETERNAL

Would it were always summer,  
Robins livening the lawn  
In emerald dappled sunshine  
Till the golden day has gone,  
Zephyrs rustling the poplars  
Mid perfume of dew-sprinkled flowers,  
Flickering fireflies flitting  
In magical moon-flooded bowers.

Would youth might last forever,  
Undimmed and joyous of eye,  
That the song of faith ne'er might falter  
To frustration's bitter cry,  
That corrosive stinging acids  
Might not blight the untried soul,  
That life's handicaps and hurdles  
Might not turn youth from the goal.

Cease repining, oh spirit!  
After the cold and sleet,  
After nature's deep slumber  
Summer again you'll greet.  
After the passing of time  
And space and the shades nocturnal  
Triumphant youth will return;  
For youth, not age, is eternal.

## THE ALCHEMIST

He took the hurt, the sneer,  
The lie, and made of them,  
With subtle alchemy  
A magic, healing gem  
Which radiated peace,  
And gave him power to stem  
The rising tide of hate,  
And no man to condemn.

## WASTE

I looked on you and sighed  
That you, from out the chalice  
Of a virgin heart  
Should, so much, waste and lavish  
On one who could the gifts  
So ill reciprocate.

And then I looked upon  
A rosebush in the wilds  
Where few save butterflies  
And birds and maybe bees  
Came by. I knew the rose  
Was none the poorer that  
It shed its life's sap out  
In such grace and profusion,  
And then I realized, —  
Nor yet were you, but rather  
Richer, that you had  
In part, unstintingly  
Fulfilled your destiny.

## GOD, THE AUTHOR OF ALL

## THE LOVE OF GOD

A time when troubled day  
Seemed no less black than night,  
I'd prayed till all the force  
Of prayer was spent, then fall'n  
To fitful restless sleep.  
Through incoherent dreams  
A shaft of light appeared.  
It seemed an angel spoke.

'Dear heart, the love of God  
Is not an abstract thing;  
It neither ebbs nor floods  
But constant is always,  
Like unto truth itself  
Or the revolving sun.  
Dear heart, be comforted  
By resting in His love.'

## POOR SOULS!

Poor souls! Like badgers beating in a pen,  
Or those whose reason's gone,  
Madly awheeling up and down;  
Or those who, lost at midnight in the wilds,  
Ever return to the same spot from which they went.  
Poor souls! Wasting the soul part,  
Wandering up and down, and to and fro,  
Like Satan, till they are forever spent,  
And all that's left goes on to God.  
Is there a spark at all of what He gave?

## THE MASTER WEAVER

How frail and delicate is mortal man  
With all his knowledge and experience,  
So permeated with deep yearning  
But of mysteries unending  
How little comprehending!

Like to a shimmering gossamer web, wind-blown,  
Sun-seared and rain-beswept, flung twixt two twigs  
By an industrious spider,  
To be ruthlessly torn asunder  
By an unknown offender.

From off the span of life, the Master Weaver  
Draws the broken shreds of phantom fabric;  
Some precious lint he gathers,  
As searchingly He lingers,  
Carding with adept fingers.

## CREATED IN HIS LIKENESS

If but one Godly man  
There be, though some will this  
Deny, there cannot be  
A single Godless one.  
Men may be wayward, blind,  
Unlovely, selfish, mean,  
Malicious, cruel, hard,  
Unfruitful, cankered, parched  
As if all life were fled,  
Licentious, fearful, low,  
Dishonest, foolish, weak,  
Despairing, even mad  
When hope seems gone for aye,  
But neither under fair  
Nor darkly wrathful skies  
Can Godless men be found.  
As leaves turn to the sun  
So do souls turn to God,  
Though many wander deep  
Into the everglades  
And lose the healing rays.  
Flee into what morass  
Or deep abyss they may,  
Hurtle what doom they can  
Upon the innocent,  
Happen whatever will  
They're still the Father's sons.  
Created like to Him  
Each shall retain, at least  
A vestige of that likeness  
As long as life shall last.

## MY TIME BELONGS TO GOD

My time belongs to God;  
In living, Him I laud.

From waking hour till dark  
Unto His voice I hark.

In work or play, through ill  
Or good, I seek His will.



## DEATH

## THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Once, on a troubled day, I thought  
I saw the Valley of the Shadow,  
But looking closer, found  
That light was all around,  
And the valley only an illusion.  
A threatening cloud hung high  
Between the sun and I,  
And with its passing, fled the shadow  
From the sunlit plain.  
Earth's partings, loss and pain  
Seen through life's misty, murky lens  
Produce the clouds and lowering shades  
Which love and time disperse  
In God's bright universe.

## DOROTHY

A little human plant of rare and winsome sweetness,  
That blossomed in our lives, and filled and warmed our  
    hearts  
With golden glow and very precious fragrance —

Our Father, in His upper garden seeing a spot  
For one small soul to flourish and expand, chose her,  
But in the moving tore our very hearts.

And yet, through mists of loneliness and loss,  
We see He's cut one cord that bound us fast to Earth,  
Only to strengthen more our hold on Heaven.

## THE PASSING OF THE OLD CHAIR-MENDER

'Take the chairs to the porch  
Where it's shady and cool,  
You will hear the birds sing  
And enjoy working there.'  
'Thank you, Ma'am. Though the body  
Is old and needs care,  
Yet the mind likes a task  
To keep it in tune.'

As he worked oft he gazed  
On the bloom in the garden  
And beyond through the shrubs  
And the trees, as if feasting  
Dim eyes which were seeing  
Much more than the view —  
Boyhood days, English lanes  
And a long path since then.

In a mood reminiscent  
He talked as he tapped —  
Of a son, dead in youth,  
A wife many years gone,  
An employer revered  
In the South now residing,  
His own home just a room  
In an old lodging house.

A wise word, now and then,  
Of philosophy quaint —  
'A stitch in time will save nine' —  
From life's lessons he gave.  
Time had battered him well,  
But had left him serene  
In the expectant deep hum  
Of the first summer days.

The spirit soliloquised:  
'A good chance to leave.  
I came such a day.  
It seems long, long ago.  
Time to part worn out heart,  
Weary limbs, stubby pipe!  
Now away shall I go  
On my far outward flight.'

'May I go? Can I leave?'  
One last glimpse, one last tap  
On the old oaken chair,  
One last sigh broke the veil;  
Like a mother close-watching  
Her child newly sleeping,  
With a long lingering look  
The freed spirit stole through.

## I HAVE LOVED LIFE

I have loved life so much  
I would cling to it  
If all others were gone.  
Still to be alone  
Would not be living.  
Myriads, one by one,  
Have given it up.  
But no! Not, I!  
Is there no way around?  
As a child called from play,  
I yearn to remain;  
But it is inevitable  
That I go. Ah!  
I know a secret!  
True, I must depart,  
But I shall carry life  
With me where I go.  
I shall bring all the Here  
That I have ever known —  
The essence of life —  
Into the Hereafter:  
Then there will be  
Something of Earth in Heaven,  
And I shall be satisfied.

## IMMORTALITY

Your blue eyes opened on the world, with awe, —  
Miracles everywhere. With ardent mind  
Well-steeped in Hebrew Writ, you probed each law  
Of God and every throb of human kind.  
Valiant and eager, cresting on the main,  
In shoals you floundered, struggled, then arose,  
Till moored by circumstance's iron chain  
But faith unbound, you let your aged eyes close.  
When facing bodily disintegration  
Vibrant to life as once in youth's heyday,  
Unthinkable in sheer futility  
You passed. Dear chafing soul, winged liberation  
And not death came that autumnal day.  
You are my brief for Immortality.

## EXPERIENCE

## EQUATIONS

Equations great and equations small  
Chequer the book of life of all.  
Given this and that of unalterable quality  
What is, to be done with the unknown quantity?

Line follows line as day follows day,  
And figures should move in rhythmic sway,  
But the unknown quantities pass in and out  
Leaving the mind in a maze of doubt.

We add and subtract and multiply  
And often the book goes all awry,  
We divide and cancel and pause to erase  
The blots, and think out other ways.

Sometimes the figures flow smoothly along  
And the mind is filled with a beautiful song,  
Then an unknown quantity makes a rift in the lute  
And the song becomes very suddenly mute.

Indelibly written on the rhythm of life  
A symphony in figures, with emotion rife —  
The timbre of each in the echo — is found  
When the book falls closed without a sound.

## AH! NOT LOST

Lost — in the abyss of the mind  
A word, clothing a thought;  
Lost — in the world's frenzied mart  
An opportunity, diligently sought;  
Lost — in the stress of events  
A friend, with esteem well-fraught;  
Ah! Not lost, but hidden in life,  
And into its substance wrought.



## MY CREED

Not in a day,  
Not only from the lispings  
At a mother's knee,  
Nor from the utterings  
Of an inspired seer,  
Nor from the wisdom culled  
From human lore,  
But as the oak tree draws  
What it may need  
From out the earth and air,  
So do I draw my creed  
From out the deep  
Of life's pulsating core.

## SONGS

Out of joy, out of tears,  
Out of travail and strife  
Songs are born to the soul  
From its impact with life.

Oft they linger full long  
For the wakening spark  
That will give them escape  
From the cavernous dark.

Then like carrier doves  
They soar away, winging  
To find kindred minds,  
Genial homes for their singing.

## THE MAGIC OF MEMORY

One gorgeous sunset of gold and rose  
May colour a life until its close.

One strain superb on the throb of a song,  
In the mind's deep cavern may echo long.

One rarefied day, complete and full,  
May compensate many, grey and dull.

A golden love in the dawn of life  
May hallow the soul through years of strife.

When the whiff of the rose steals on the morn,  
Who ever heeds the hurt of the thorn?

Though happiness seems a will-o'-the-wisp,  
Its caress may remain while the tongue can lisp.

## STRUGGLE AND EASE

When the need is great and the  
    purpose clear,  
On the highway of Struggle faith  
    vanquishes fear:  
And when sinews and nerves to the  
    brain respond,  
There is joy in the thought of the  
    goal beyond.

In the deepening ruts, as the back  
    bends low  
Sometimes angels fan the feverish  
    brow  
Or they whisper softly 'the left'  
    or 'the right'  
When a fork in the road comes into  
    sight.

On the tortuous way wise travellers  
    sing,  
And at fall of night all troubles  
    take wing,  
Then the weary body to Morpheus  
    yields,  
And the mind goes roaming Elysian  
    fields.

But the street called Ease is a zest-  
    less mall;  
At the far end stands a high stone  
    wall;  
Though it's level and smooth, most  
    feet conspire  
To lag in the side-paths of Lost  
    Desire.

A WINDOW, A TREE, AND  
A BIT OF THE SKY.

From a window, a tree, and a bit of the sky  
Where the fleecy clouds float, or the angry scud by,  
Where the mists hang low, though the sun shines high,  
One may much of the mood of the world descry.

Near a window, a tree, and a bit of the sky,  
Many sights will come to the watchful eye;  
Very happily one may working-tools ply,  
And the busy brain use, as the days swiftly fly.  
A window, a tree, and a bit of the sky  
Form a cinema screen where one may espy  
Very wonderful doings, which 'the blues' defy,  
And a fund of delight and comfort supply.

It's a world in itself to one who must lie  
Through a vista of years, alert to the cry  
Of the night's black distress till dawn shuts the eye  
On the window, the tree, and the bit of the sky.

## THE LEAVES' REVIEW

The morning dawned  
To see ten million, million leaves  
All sparkling in white frost coats  
And agog to flutter home  
To Mother Earth.  
Old Father Sun  
Laved, purified and polished  
Till he left them glistening  
For their gala day.  
Like children on a Christmas Eve,  
They'd passed a night  
Of fitful sleeping,  
And on waking smiled,  
Then sighed  
Within their solitary bower,  
For blithe companions  
Of the season past,  
The cheerful, chirping summer birds  
Flown far away,  
And happy children,  
Now cooped up with eyes in books.  
Oh! for ten thousand  
Dancing little ones  
To frolic underneath the trees,  
To chase and seek  
The brightest, choicest leaves  
And weave fine wreathes  
From every shade and tint  
Of yellow, green and red,  
Of purple, orange, brown,  
And even grey!  
Then joining hands  
In merry circles,  
Dance and sing  
With autumn's joyous  
Gay abandonment!  
Oh! for a myriad

Summer birds  
To flit from branch to branch  
And feast on luscious berries,  
Every hue,  
And nutty seeds, —  
A prodigal supply!

Around the native bluffs  
And veteran river elms,  
Kind master hands had well assembled  
Plants, shrubs and trees,  
Indigenous to the plains.  
With wizard deftness,  
They had planted spruce,  
Grey willow, and dwarf maple saplings,  
Visioning the days  
When sombre green  
With shadow grey  
And flaming red  
Would foil the golden yellow,  
Bronze and russet,  
Of the ash, oak, elm and poplar,  
And create weird, wonderful  
Harmonic color schemes,  
To rival gorgeous autumn sunsets,  
And beneath a lonely harvest moon  
To make a gay  
Fantastic rendezvous  
For all the fairies 'round.  
Nor had the symmetry  
Been overlooked.  
The plan had slowly grown.  
Out came the misfit  
Or decayed,  
And in its place a worthier root.  
They'd cleared out winding paths  
For lovers,  
Among the cherry,  
Bittersweet and hazel bushes;  
Then nearby,

Planted lilac clumps to cheer,  
 With snowy plum and saskatoon,  
 The late spring days;  
 And in the open,  
 Circled roses close,  
 To shield each other  
 From the winds, —  
 In July sun,  
 A nectar bed  
 For hummingbirds and bees.

And on this year  
 The elements had all combined  
 To help the leaves  
 To glorify their Source.  
 Brave little leaves,  
 Obediently and willingly  
 Giving their all  
 In this last hour together —  
 Like glowing embers on the hearth  
 Before the flame expires,  
 The last the brightest  
 Of the night —  
 Lovely in spring  
 But lovelier still  
 When autumn skies  
 Foretell the shades  
 Of darker days to come.  
 From stately, sentinel cottonwood  
 To humblest vine  
 Each felt its lifeblood  
 Ebbing slowly back  
 Close to its heart,  
 And little trembling leaves,  
 Alarmed yet happy,  
 Waved each other  
 Fond farewells.

Fair overhead  
 Within the canopy of blue



A few stray clouds  
Espied the sight,  
Then called the upper winds  
To quickly bring  
Their sister clouds  
From far and near,  
Until, by noon,  
The sun was overshadowed  
By a rolling, tumbling,  
Swirling, curling mass,  
In seeming imitation  
Of the forms below,  
Shrouding the sky with grey  
To dull the brilliant colors  
Of the trees.

Above, behind the clouds,  
The wily west wind,  
Like a surgeon, waited,  
Ready but loathe  
To change the scene.  
Perhaps that night he'd blow aside  
The hanging clouds  
And, sauntering through and down,  
At first would breathe  
Soft whisperings and caresses,  
Then gently sway to loosen, some,  
The clutch of tiny leaves  
Upon the twigs;  
Then maybe he'd grow stronger  
Until, at last,  
The readier leaves  
Would start to flutter down,  
And as the night's shades fell,  
In savage glee  
He'd rock the branches,  
Bend the trees,  
And slash the more unyielding  
Hard and fast to earth.

Alas! Alas!  
The brilliant gay review must end.  
Throughout that autumn day  
As stragglers came and went  
They gazed and gasped  
Until the beauty hurt —  
Too much for eyes  
That look too long on level drab —  
And yet they stayed  
To fill and feast the mind  
On wonders, far exceeding  
Words weak power to paint,  
Yearning to share the sight  
With all the world;  
Then humbly, happily subdued  
They left the scene,  
Surpassing far  
High fashions proud parade,  
To carry in the mind,  
For grey and wintry days,  
A still, indelible,  
Unfading picture,  
So restful and appealing,  
They a part of it,  
And it to be always  
A part of them.

## THE PRAIRIE

THE BLUE ANEMONE  
(CALLED CROCUS ON THE PRAIRIE)

While the chill winds have wailed their lament  
And the frost king has probed with a lancet  
The deep breast of still mother earth,  
Under winter's white fleecy blanket  
With your heart steeped in last summer's heat  
And well-sealed by insulated bands,  
Hidden down 'neath dead leaves in the loam  
You have rested in nature's safe-hands.

Then attune to the pulse of the march  
Of the season and the call of the breeze  
Sweeping over the wide, open prairies  
And the roadside spots that you lease  
Year by year, you have stirred in your bed  
Gently wooed by the nearing sun's rays  
And have waked as the snow tricklets teased  
In the light of the lengthening days.

Then stealthily, not to disturb  
Your grey leaves just tardily peeping  
Yet suddenly, overnight you bedeck  
Yesteryear's tawny grass; for leaping  
To greet the dawn, your whorl  
Of a silver-furred bracted trinity  
On a silver-furred stubby stem  
Holds the loved blue anemone.

The delicate silk-lined petals  
Of a blue that was caught from the sky  
And mixed with a streak from a night-cloud  
And a sun-glint of rose passing by  
Form a chalice of exquisite beauty

So fleeting it never can cloy,  
Fragile beauty that pains while it charms —  
Unique herald of springtime joy.

## THE PRAIRIE ROSE

A tiny shrub, with just enough of stem  
And leaves to hold a nosegay fresh and sweet  
Of roses, perfuming the morning air —

The blossoms palest pink to deepest rose,  
With many tints and tracteries between,  
While July sun gives some a yellow tinge —

This little rose in early morning blown,  
With dew-drops glistening on its petals fair,  
Midst prairie jewels in a precious gem.

## THE BLUET

Little bluet on the railway track,  
How did you happen to root in such dearth?  
Far away from all of your kind,  
Like a star you shine from the arid earth.

Four tiny lobes of cerulean blue  
Point towards the north, south, east and west;  
A golden centre reflects the light  
Of the long day's sun. You only rest

When the night-dews bathe your tingling frame,  
And the magic of moonlight scatters all fret;  
Seemingly, life does not give you much,  
But you give your all to life, bluet.

## THE PRAIRIE FOLK

The prairie folk love the sky,  
Looking up 'neath its vast canopy,  
Whether clear azure blue,  
Or a dull leaden hue,  
Or when winds send the clouds scudding by.

With a questioning look in their eyes  
The prairie folk read the skies;  
They learn faith and endurance,  
Courage, trust and assurance,  
And grow wise in all great verities.

The prairie folk never despair,  
They are ready to do and to share;  
Though the skies frown today  
And the land sorely flay,  
Tomorrow will be doubly fair.

So they toil, and adverse winds defy  
Looking up, ever up on high;  
In their hearts is the leaven  
Which makes earth like heaven,  
The prairie folk taught by the sky.

## THE PRAIRIE DWELLERS' CREED

From many corners of the earth,  
From many races under heaven,  
Our fathers came in quest of life  
And found a home.

Few ancient ruins tell a tale  
Of stirring times and lives of men,  
Nature's best gifts profusely dealt,  
Our heritage.

To us the honor great is given  
To build a nation in this land  
Where once the Indian roamed the trail  
And passed his day.

Our temple dome, the clear blue sky;  
No plague shall blight, no curse corrupt,  
Here shall we in God's image dwell  
Safe and secure.

Live and let others live a life  
Happy and sane, virile and deep,  
With faith in man and trust in God,  
A simple creed.

Shall we make strong and wise and great  
The chain that links us to the past,  
So that posterity superb  
Will bless our name.

With youth eternal in the heart  
And conscience clear as morning air,  
In honor and in righteousness  
Our day shall pass.



## THE SHOWMAN

He plays all day  
On sea or land  
In every kind of weather;  
And be it wet  
Or be it dry  
He dances in the ether.

With everyone  
He tries the game  
Where shade and substance wed,  
Yet darkness never  
Catches him:  
He's just one step ahead.

He makes men laugh,  
He makes men weep,  
And oft-times dream and ponder;  
He bids men do  
And spend themselves,  
And fills their souls with wonder.

He weaves a curtain  
As he goes,  
And colours beam and rafter;  
And when he makes  
His parting bow,  
He draws it closely after.

## THE CHILDREN

## THE WINDING WAY

Oh! little child on the winding way  
Where the flowers grow and the love-light shines,  
The wonder of all things is full on you now  
When you come from God to the winding way.

Travel on joyously, boy or girl,  
Out in the freedom and beauty of youth.  
Hold out your hands for the great things of life  
Which God will give on the winding way.

Soon you will come to the forks of the road.  
There all alone you will tarry and wait,  
Companions to meet and decisions to make  
With God watching over the winding way.

Drink of the streams of life, crystal and pure,  
Bask in the sunshine, and weather the storms,  
Draw well from the years ere they pass out of reach:  
Never fear, God is near to the winding way.

Then when the stress and the quakes and the flashes  
Threaten the very foundations to shake.  
Know that, though in air your footsteps are sure,  
Because God is under the winding way.

As the eye grows dim, the road grows clear,  
Though the foot be worn, the spirit is fleet.  
And the soul expands with abounding life  
When you go to God from the winding way.

## A FAIRY MOTHER'S GIFT

What should I give to you, little child,  
If I were a fairy mother?

A trust in God that would not fail  
In any kind of weather,

A heart atune to all that is good  
In this wonder-world called earth,

A task to do as the days pass by  
That would take your best endeavor,

A sacrifice that would fit your soul  
And show you the way to heaven,

And a song that would lighten and brighten the way  
For all who hear its lilt.

## THE MOTHER CAN PRAY

The little clothes all are mended,  
The toys all laid away,  
They slumber with wants attended,  
The mother may rest and pray.

They are out on the world's rough highway  
They have builded them other nests,  
'Dear Father, o'ershadow their pathways,'  
The mother can pray as she rests.

## THE IMPOSSIBLE WISH

There were two little girls and two little boys,  
Eyes — hazel, blue, brown and grey.  
Two grown women and two grown men  
Have spirited them away.

Each has hidden a tot out of sight and sound  
In the heart's remotest recess,  
And, about, life has builded a fortress dense  
Through which there is no access.

Could the dearest impossible wish come true,  
It would be to see them as once they played,  
To look into each little upturned face,  
And to feel again each clinging embrace;  
Now they dwell but as phantoms in memory's maze  
Or in dreams that illusively fade.

## HONOR

When from the earth you issue forth  
And greet me once again in cycles now unknown,  
Bring to me honor —

Not from successes on this sphere,  
Wealth or position high above your fellows,  
But before God,

From drawing deep, and giving much,  
From looking all things squarely in the light,  
Seeking but Truth —

Honor, the peace that comes to one,  
Who wrestles long with self and man and nature,  
Leaving few scars.

## CHRISTMAS

WHAT IS THE USE OF  
CHRISTMAS CARDS?

'What is the use of Christmas Cards?'  
A busy housewife sighed one day,  
'A hackneyed greeting, picture bright,  
A flimsy thing to throw away.'

But luck decreed, as Christmas neared  
That illness keep her in her bed;  
From far and near, the cards flew in,  
And joy and friendliness they spread.

She grieved from her no message winged  
To carry cheer and kind regards;  
And not again will she remark  
'What is the use of Christmas Cards?'

## CHRISTMAS

Time of hurry,  
Also flurry,  
Oft-times senseless worry;  
Children wonder,  
Parents ponder,  
Miracles to conjure.

Time of singing,  
Joy goes winging  
Happy magic flinging;  
Stars remember  
Babe, bright Ember,  
Gift in dark December.

God's love token,  
Blest words spoken  
To a world sore-broken;  
Gracious giving,  
Christ-like living,  
Every ill forgiving.

Threads of sadness  
Mix with gladness  
Through the merry madness;  
Thought of friends  
Beauty lends  
As the short day ends.



## THERE SHINES A STAR

There shines a star whose radiance never wanes:  
When angels sang of peace one silvery night  
It rose above expedience and might,  
And through the years ascendant still remains.

The cruel, subtle eyes of, greed and hate  
And lust, in focus elsewhere, cannot see  
The glory of its light; but those that be  
Of questing child-like faith, the star shall lead.

Once more all mankind bows before the Star  
Whose name is Love. From out God's heart, afar  
It draws its light, and from the zenith throws  
Its beams to flood a world where stress is rife.  
Each spark of human kindness that glows,  
Lights many torches on the way of life.











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